

MARVEL

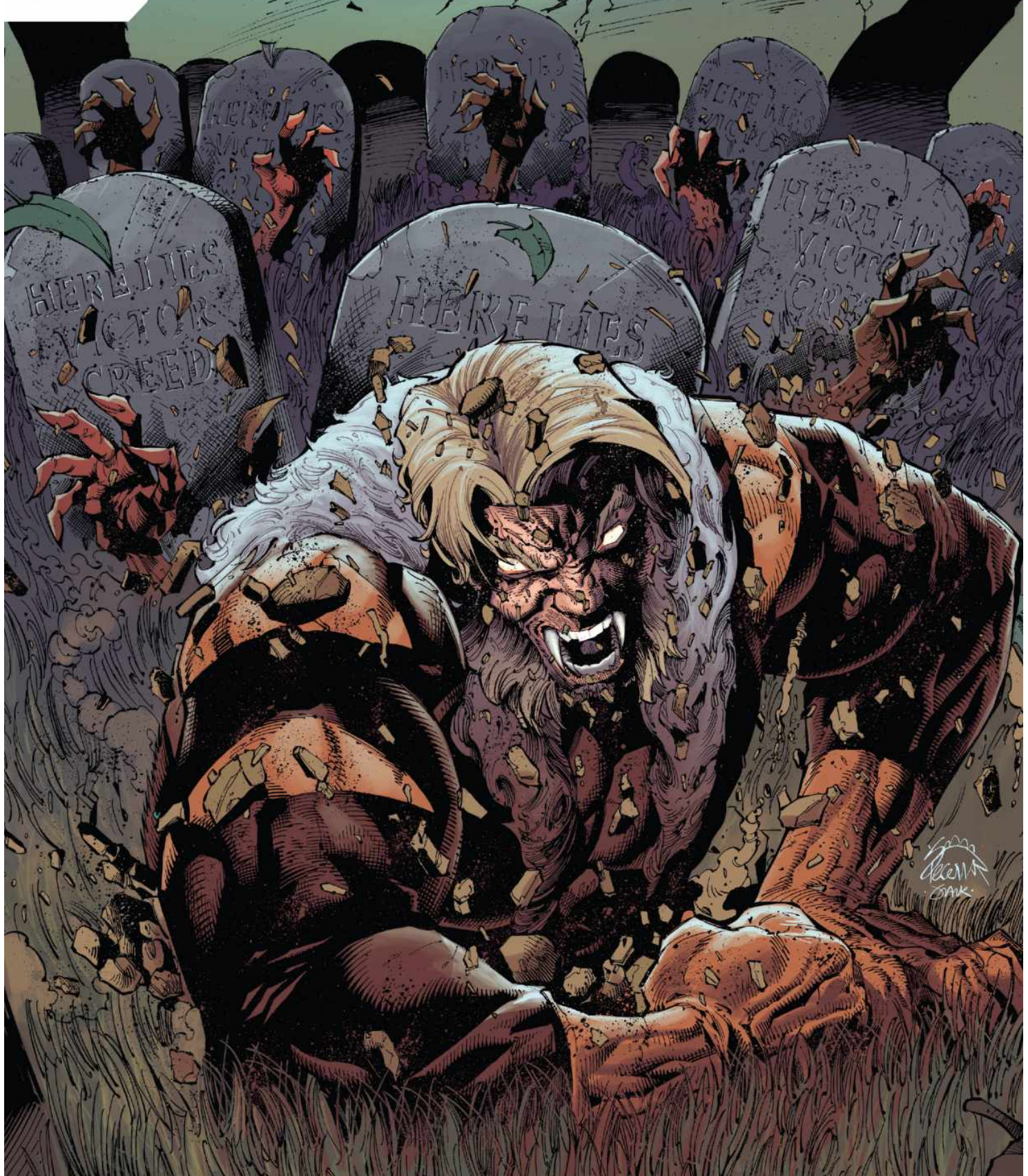
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004

LAVALLE
KIRK
BEREDO

SABRIETOOH & THE EXILES



Point Nemo, the most remote part of the planet,
1000 miles from any landmass in all directions.

This is
Station Four.
We have been
compromised.

Stay away.
I say again. Test
subjects are no
longer under our
control.

Ugggggghh.

The
Infernal Nursery
is forfeit. We
are all dead
already.

"Do not
come here."

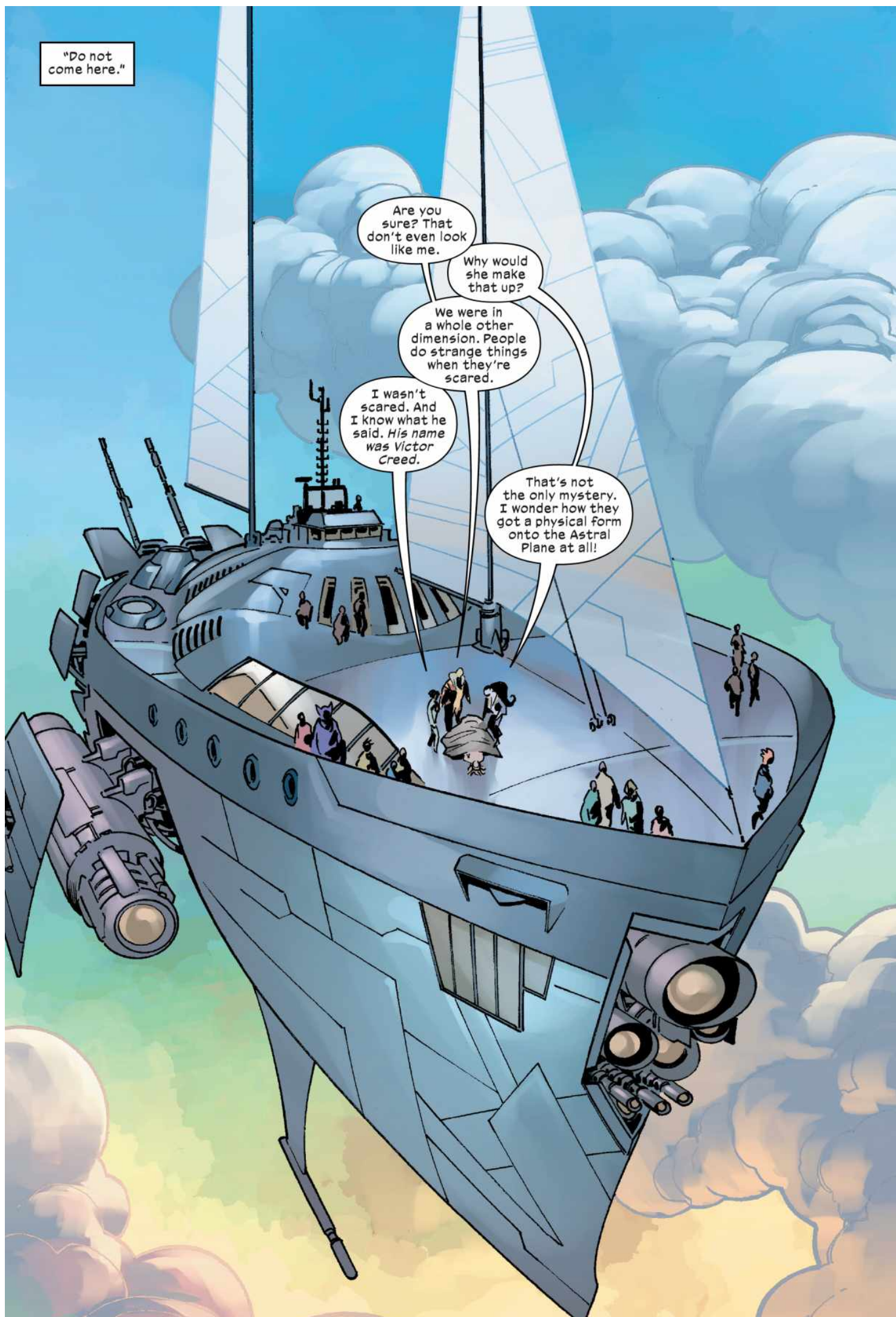
Are you
sure? That
don't even look
like me.

Why would
she make
that up?

We were in
a whole other
dimension. People
do strange things
when they're
scared.

I wasn't
scared. And
I know what he
said. *His name
was Victor
Creed.*

That's not
the only mystery.
I wonder how they
got a physical form
onto the Astral
Plane at all!





These Orchis bases have turned out more monstrous than even the Pit on Krakoa.



Says you. I blame Xavier for us being out here at all. And I still aim to make him *pay*.



We are looking at your literal body double, and all you can think about is revenge?



If this is really me, I know him better than you ever will. And he'd want me to cut down my enemies.



And this shipload of kids is gonna help me get what I want.

SABRETOOTH & THE EXILES

SABRETOOTH & THE EXILES

For breaking a foundational law, Sabretooth was condemned to exile in the Pit of Krakoa. He escaped, leaving his fellow exiles to languish. But his freedom was short-lived, as Sabretooth was soon captured by the anti-mutant organization Orchis, who took him to their Station Six, where Dr. Barrington performed twisted medical experiments on her mutant prisoners.

Meanwhile, the rest of Krakoa's exiles were secretly set free and tracked Sabretooth. To fend off the Exiles, Barrington deployed her Creation, a human enhanced with the spoils of her experiments, who captured Orphan-Maker and fled to Station Two. Sabretooth, now free, formed a tense alliance with the other Exiles to mount a rescue. While captive, Orphan-Maker breached his containment armor, unleashing his potentially apocalyptic power set. With nowhere else to escape, Third Eye brought the team to the Astral Plane to create a new armor for Orphan-Maker. In the physical realm, the other prisoners at Station Two staged an escape, bringing along the bodies of Sabretooth and the Exiles. Meanwhile, on the Astral Plane's Station Three, the team discovered a mysterious being: another Victor Creed!



[SABRETOOTH]



[TOAD]



[ORPHAN-MAKER]



[NANNY]



[BAB]



[HERD]



[THIRD EYE]



[MADISON JEFFRIES]



[OYA]



[NEKRA]



[MELTER]



[DR. BARRINGTON]



[THE CREATION]



Victor LaValle/Writer
Leonard Kirk/Artist
Rain Beredo/Color Artist
VC's Cory Petit/Letterer
Tom Muller w/Jay Bowen/Design

Ryan Stegman, JP Mayer &
Frank Martin/Cover Artists

VC's Cory Petit/Production
Drew Baumgartner/Assistant Editor
Mark Basso/Editor
Jordan D. White/Senior Editor
C.B. Cebulski/Editor in Chief

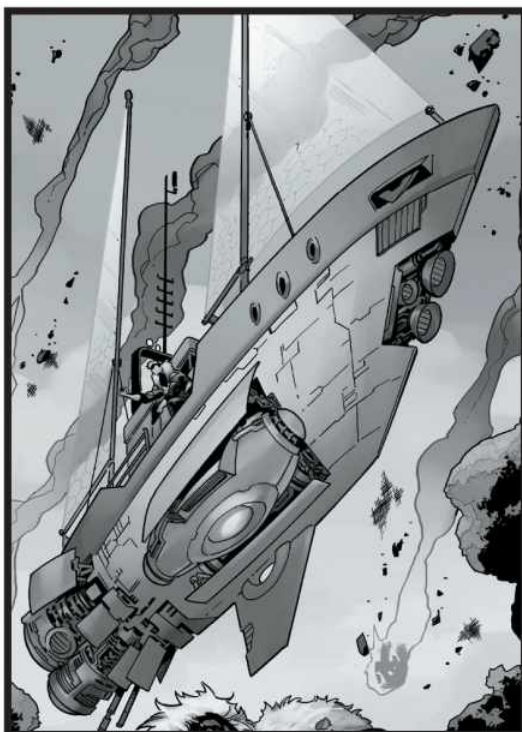
Takashi Okazaki & Edgar
Delgado/Variant Cover Artists

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[BLING!]...exiles]
[ANGEL]...vessel]



BLING!'S SHIP



Vessel designed by Roxanne Washington, A.K.A. Bling!, a genius-level intellect and masterful engineer. Washington named this ship, *Angel*, after her mother.

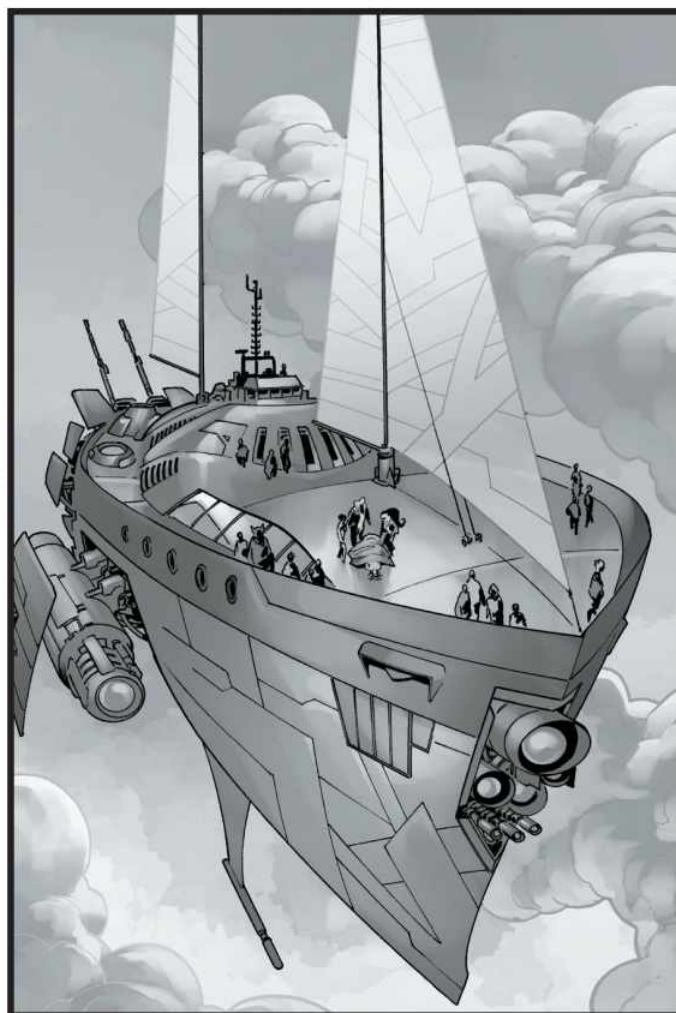
Capable of multiple forms of travel: sea, air and outer space.

Equipped with an intuitive A.I. that can adapt the defensive and offensive capabilities of the vessel depending on environmental needs.

In the aftermath of Orchis Station Two's collapse, Sabretooth and the Exiles were faced with a dilemma: how to transport the thousand mutants they'd just freed from Station Two. Bling!'s vessel could adapt to certain environmental needs, but not to the point that it could carry so many more bodies.

Madison Jeffries' mutant power of technokinetic transmutation proved useful as he salvaged much of the failing Orchis Station and melded it to Bling!'s vessel. 1008 mutants now travel on the expanded vessel. Jeffries mimicked the intuitive A.I. designed by Roxanne Washington so the new, larger vessel might integrate well with her design.

The Exiles have named their ship the *Maroon*.











ORCHIS MEMO

FROM THE DESK OF THE GENERAL CONTRACTOR

By 1920, in the United States, more than 20,000 Native children had been placed in Indian boarding schools. They were removed from their families and forcibly sent away. These schools were run by the federal government and a variety of Christian churches. By 1925, the number of children held in these schools had more than tripled. Children were not allowed to speak their native languages, nor to act in any way that might represent their traditions or culture. The stated purpose of this government and church sanctioned policy was to "Kill the Indian, Save the Man."

Despite the negative reputation of such endeavors in the larger world, I saw historical examples of programs that were effective and implemented with an admirable efficiency. I learned a great deal from them.

When I initiated the Station Four program, I'd hoped to rear an entire generation of mutants who might serve the needs of the human population by standing against their kin in the coming war. Agents at the station gave it a nickname, the Infernal Nursery, and I admit I enjoyed the label. Kill the Mutant, Save the Child. That was my purpose.

But I am forced now to write with the disappointing news that Station Four has been compromised. As you well know, this is one of a string of losses in the Orchis facilities. Stations One through Four are now forfeit. All feedback suggests Station Four has sunk to the bottom of the south Pacific Ocean. It is most likely that all lives have been lost. Clearly, I made errors in the subordinates I hired to run those stations. My bad.

I am writing you now about all that remains, Station Five. I accept that my contract with Orchis will not be renewed, but I need you to understand this: Station Five is mine. My lack of oversight may be part of the reason why the other stations failed. But Station Five is a model of success. The focus of the other stations was too broad, but my goal here on Station Five has been hyper focused. So much so that total success is seeming not only possible, but likely.

I have sought to tackle the problem of Victor Creed, and I have discovered the solution.

Leave me to my work, leave Station Five to me.





Isn't Station Four supposed to be here?

My readout indicates that it is here.



Or, rather, it sank. It's down there.

I can hold my breath for a long time, and my frame is now prepared to survive the pressure of great depths.

But I am not.

But you are not.



The best option I can think of is that I tread water while you dive and investigate.

That's a terrible option. How long do you think you can stay on the surface?

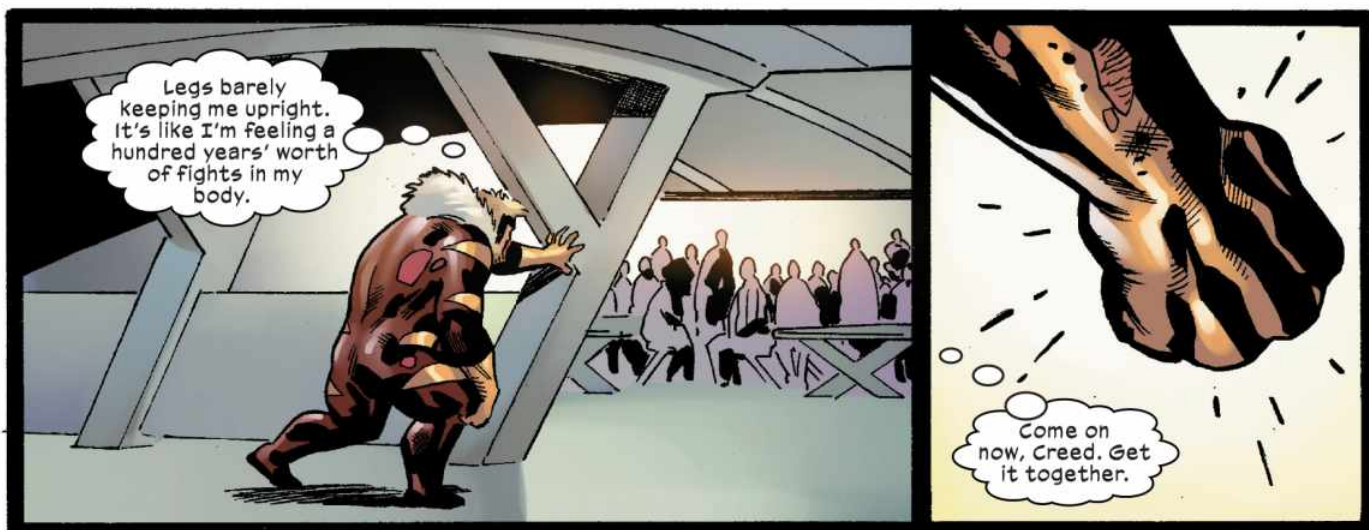
Don't argue with me. It's not a good choice, but it's the only one we have. And with the visor, I can track you and



I'm just worried about you! Don't get angry at me for being concerned.

There's nothing to be--









They were never going to let us out of the Pit. Mutants like me, and all of you, were never welcome in the paradise of Krakoa.

We don't look the part. We don't follow the orders they give. They fear and shun us.

It hurts to hear that, I get it. But you can either sit around feeling sorry for yourselves, or you can get a little payback on the ones who never cared about you.

And I will teach you how to do it, my Exiles.





This is dangerous. He's going to get them killed.

They're not believing this. They can't believe this. He's Sabretooth!

He's saying all the right things. Talking loud and saying nothing.



It can't be that easy. I don't believe it.

You'd be surprised what angry people will do for their leader.

RRUUUMBLE

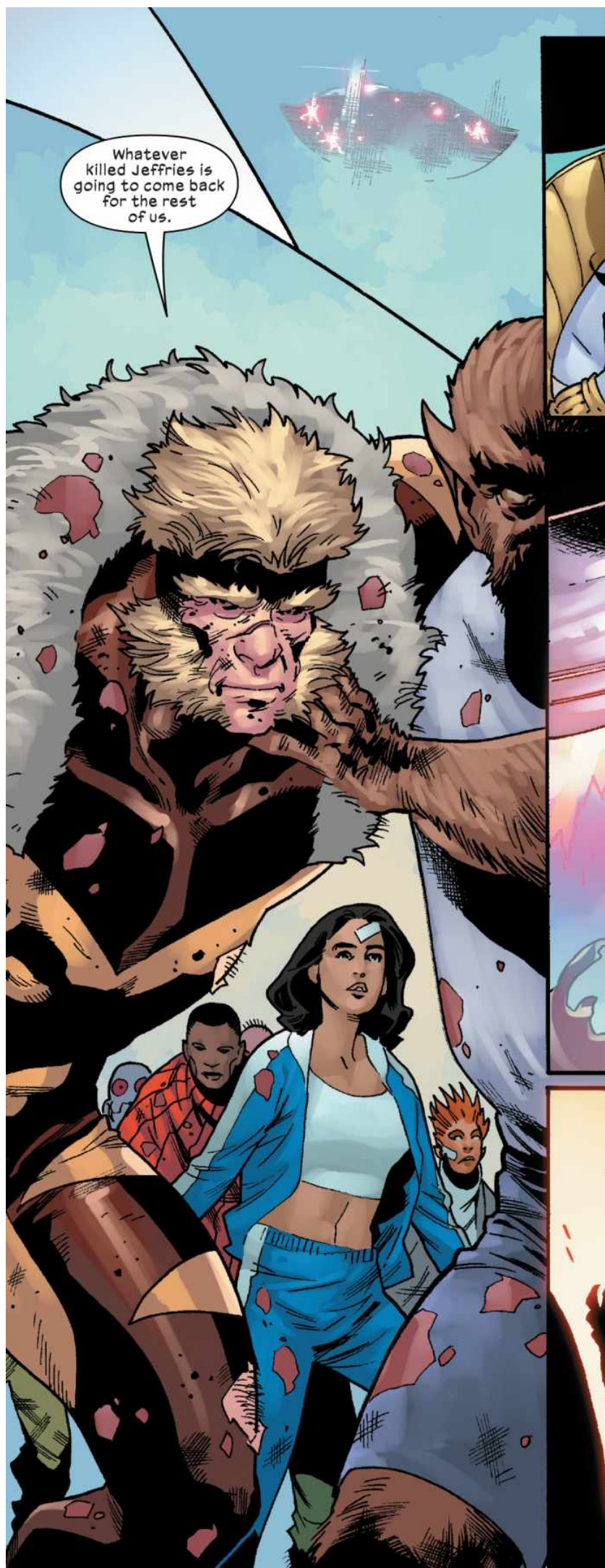


What now?

Hull breach! We've hit something. Or something hit--

UUURGH!





Whatever killed Jeffries is going to come back for the rest of us.



We are going to destroy whatever killed Madison!

Forget what's down below, what's that in the sky?



Dammit! I know who's got me! He's taking me to *Station Five*. Find me--!!!



The ship
has thrown
up a force-
field.

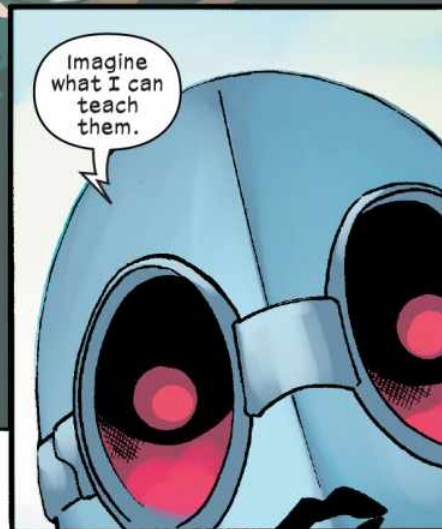
At least
that means we
won't drown.

But we'd
better get
everyone inside
to be safe.



You really
think they're
just babies and
already this
dangerous, this
powerful?

You
were.



Imagine
what I can
teach
them.









...Graydon.

Did you miss me, Dad? As you can see by my wall, I didn't miss you.

Not all that often.

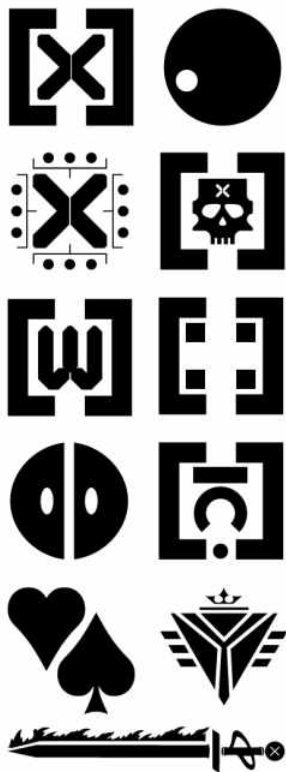
I've been hunting every Victor Creed across the Multiverse. I'm getting good at it.

The last of the Sabretooths dies tonight.

To be concluded!

[sabretooth_[0.04]
[_the_exiles_[0.04]

ic: NEXT



ISSUE:

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Wolverine #30

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Betsy Braddock: Captain Britain #1

Deadpool #4

Immortal X-Men #1

➤ Sabretooth & the Exiles #4

[kra_[0.0]...]
[koa_[0.0]...]

